

GIVE ME A COT

IN THE VALLEY I LOVE.



Give me a cot in the valley I love,
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove ;
I care not how humble, for happy 'twould be,
If one faithful heart would but share it with me.
Our haunts shall be nature's own beautiful bowers,
Our gems shall be nature's own beautiful flowers.—
All woo'd by the sunshine, and kissed by the gale,
The proudest might envy our home in the vale.

Lovest thou to listen to music's sweet voice?
Then fly to the woods, where the song birds rejoice :
Or would'st thou be free ? to the forest repair,
The stag in its freedom bounds merrily there.
When summer has gone, and winter's chill hours
Have rifled the greenwood and blighted the flowers—
Though ice-bound the brook, and snow-clad the dale—
The proudest might envy our home in the vale.